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Original Poetry.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON A VISIT TO "LAUREL HILL CEMETERY."

ADDRESSED TO ——

How the frustrated dead in dust shall be,
Luke's inspired pencil has taught us to descry;
Where waving boughs betwixt the earth and sky,
Wafts the farewell cadence of the wind.
Willis the Sacred Church.

Pause yet awhile—pass not so lightly by,
With selfish joy and thoughtless hurried tread!
For lo! the gentle Zephyrs seem to sigh,
A requiem to the memory of the dead.

Wouldst thou not fain our lord rest, when life's mole are past,
Lone to repose so calm, so sweetly here,
Where cloud and sunshine are alternate cast,
And beauty's footsteps oft are wont to appear.

Oh! when such scenes above the tomb doth reign,
When lovely flowrets bloom upon the grave;
To take a moment's solace, and to gaze,
Like all chapter bound hope's exhaustive slave.

Sound is the sleep—the sleep that knows no waking,
No cares disturb the o'clouds that mar our rest;
Sweet is the calm—the calm that has no breaking,
No cares to agitate, no woes to molest.

Is it not well that loveliest flowers should flourish,
Round the last home of those we love the most?
Is it not well that friends should cherish
With tender thoughts the memory of the lost?

But come away—the Sun sinks to repose,
The Evening Chill comes on with cautious tread,
Come home away and let the dale white rose,
Amy her tears regale at the silent dead.

C. H. G.

Original Novel.

THE SOUTHERN WHIG;
A Romance of the
AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE OLD MAN'S LIST," "LEAVES FROM A LAWYER'S POST FOLIO," &c. &c.

CHAPTER IV.

"She was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora."—*Coleridge.*

• Welcome to Stanston Hall, Mr. Somers," said a general voice, "and welcome, my aunt is too ill to join in person, except for her deputy my poor self, if, indeed," she continued with gay raillery, "you are the highland—as I suspect—the great, though not the only lion of the evening, by the appearance of a strange specular, in her unlooked domain."

How often a single word, and in a tone, striking on some chord of the memory, wake up a whole train of recollections, and reveal, in an instant, the history of years! The sudden sight of the voice of the beautiful creature before him, struck Somers immediately as not unknown, but it was not until the speaker mentioned her name that he could recall to his mind's eye her, and then features and expressions, which hitherto had appeared strange, suddenly flashed before him with the vividness of reality. It was the same Ellen Penelope Fenton, whom he had left, eight years before, a girl of merely thirteen summers, and now he beheld a full grown woman.

• What! Evaline! Evaline Turner—are you little play-mate. This is a pleasure I did not expect."

I do suppose, somewhat abashed, laughing. "one who has travelled over the world looks for little in an out of the way corner of an out of the way province. Thinking he may put off his good behavior gone, dropping over private grounds, forgetting himself almost out of their wits, and attended by a squire who has not yet learned the use of his tongue, or breath."

"Pardon, I pray," said Somers, "I see you have not forgotten your old wit. Space my squire, at present."

"Even though I have my fill of the Dan, his master; and truly he deserves it for shewing me the way to the Knight of the sorrowful countenance, in consideration of your repentance, which I see in your looks."—Somers bowed and replied.

"I did not recognize you, either as my old pest, or as the singer I had overheard in the road;" and he looked at her as if he could have added, "or as he had dead, "how very beautiful you have grown."

Gentlemen have short memories, though, for that matter I was a little girl when you went abroad, and were just like you are now, only less browned and more what old nurses call 'a beauty.' I have heard your arrival, but you forgot, I dare say, I was alive."

Some was for the instant clouded: but he talked and replied.

The situation of Charleston Lobade me visiting and the chances of war allow of but few enquiries after old friends, and I never knew you had any relations on this side the Atlantic."

"Yes! my aunt, but she is the only one."

"And your father?" said Somers, hesitatingly, "I hope he is well."

The gaiety of the maiden disappeared, she was in an instant, and quite serious, as she replied.

"My father was well when I last heard from him. You do not know then that he is an officer in the royal army?"

"I did not," said Somers, perceiving that he had touched a tender chord, and scarcely knowing what to reply. There was an embarrassing silence, and then Evaline broke up.

"There are some subjects on which it will not do for us to talk, Mr. Somers, and as you are to remain here sometime, we will at once make a compact to avoid them. But I see you are wounded," she added, anxious to change the subject, "I hope it is not seriously."

"No, merely a slight cut, though, for the time, it disables my right arm."

"Ah! then we should have no chance," she resumed, with her old gaiety, "to realize the romance of Chivalry by singing, and playing, and dressing the wounds of unlucky knights. But here you have been kept waiting, when you are wishing for your room after the fatigue of your ride. Pardon me for detaining you." With these words, and before Somers could frame any such wish to terminate the interview, she made a courteous curtsey, and departed, the lieutenant into his charge, excited her farewell.

Somers entered in his chamber, and occupied himself with his toilet, but he could not help thinking of the fate of his thoughts run on Evaline. Her grace and delightfulness of manner charmed him, while the feeling with which she alluded to her father seemed the key of her sensibility.

"What a creature!" he soliloquized. "And yet, change but the dress, and she would be one of the pretty train which reminded me of my old playmate. Little did I think when I heard that song in the glen, that the singer was to be her whom I need especially to recall my little wife."

Evaline Turner had been a bright, laughing fairy of thirteen, during Somers' residence in the native country. Her father was a wealthy planter on the Cooper River, at whose house the young explorer often visited, and though Evaline, at that time was but a child, and Somers had laughed and romped with her as such, he had thought of her when leaving his parents for the wilds, and had even felt a pleasure in recalling their sports to himself, being to encounter and to enjoy no adventure, at once playful and new as the beautiful child in fairy tale fancies, he could think of nothing but her surpassing loveliness. He was shocked to thought, when a knock was heard at his door, and almost immediately Eph thrust his grim face into the room.

"I'm just come to see, inflooence," he said, "what you wanted anything, and to talk a little over the things betwixt, of which, I've no doubt, you have would be glad to hear." Somers felt little inclination to be disturbed, but knowing Eph's persevering inquisitiveness, and thinking he might perhaps learn something relative to Miss Turner, he smiled and nodded to his follower to proceed. Eph continued "A mighty nice house we've got in, and though I ain't quite so handsome as the Kinah near Comstock ingle, its pleasanter for cold weather, and more shipshape and Charleston-like. A fine woman I guess is Mrs. Stanston, and I do love she has a Heart of a piece, when no doubt your honor's aware, only she's the sister of some old boy, who has deserted his country and taken up arms with the rascally red coats Howsoever I suppose he has a taste for de elliry and wishes to end his life out of his land, so he's a good thing, considerin' his turn, that there are other ways of killing a dog besides choking him to death with boxed and halter."

"Silence on that point, sirrah!" sternly said his master, "whatever else you have to say to respect due to Mr. Turner."

Eph gave one of his low, peculiar whistles, cleared his eye bones, and that, as he perfectly understood his master's humor, he went on.

"Well, if so be you like to join your helm hand a starboard, under the guffy of my tongue, why here's a piece of a spoon. I can tack about, and once again, continue began in some military world or system, and that, by some law of gravity of which we poor navigators are wonder, and which I've seen by voyaging among the portholes, and a confounded crooked strait they are, with nothing but blindness and stables and cribbages, and a parcel of which I've been taken by and it I imagine I was in the Archipelagoes—or somewhere exactly Caribees. But there's the dinner bell a most musical bell for Charleston to ear,—and I suppose the fashion is accordin'—I go a-for the regular Heads style, eat when your hungry, and every man put his own fingers into the dish.

The dinner to which Somers was now ushered was served in a style of splendor universal in that remote district, and a few years ago unknown. Nor was it the present except Evaline, herself, and a lady who filled the office of female companion to Mrs. Stanston. Both during the historic period, about which we are writing at its present condition, the city of Charleston was almost as it is not all. Our world may have on the last planet of the system and millions of the busy hum now preceded our system, during which her pastime had begun to tell in their ranks. And how often imagine the boundless extent of ages which may have preceded our system, during which her systems were slowly collecting! Thus, perhaps, under myriads of luminaries have been created, and she after ages, hidden, rolled, and revealed in the gulf of time, but the Author of Nature is the same. What a vast conception! How the finite mind is awed, and shrinks within itself in contemplation of the magnitude of such a creation! And how little are the whole globe! Taking the appearance of such one star to a point, we can travel back from the orb of the world to another, until, amid countless myriads of star every step, we reach at length the first orb of her bid existence, when it was alone with space and God!

He paused, and looked down to his companion's head and rapt by his eloquence she was gazing up to his face, her countenance flushed with enthusiasm. She blushed deeply and dropped her eyes as he could she, for some minutes, speak.

A wonderful thought, and kindles all the feeling within us," she said fervently. "But why has not the magnificent theory been propounded, since you if you heard it years ago?"

"Ah! the author knows enough of the world to be convinced it would call him a dreamer, unless he in a greater array of facts to bear him out. But I have seen things which we shall learn, when, in our advance, we shall encounter stand where the Scaphim and Seraphim have their stations and receive the ligation go hand in hand; and that their seeming contradiction arises from the present crude state of the system. That falls may be necessary to the perfection of the whole, and that the pronunciation of truths we are destined hereafter to learn."

He paused, and looked down to his companion's laughter, he resolved to look on her only as a very fair friend. And as the days passed away, the morning occupied in reading, riding, and shooting, and the evening divided betwixt music and conversation.

CHAPTER V.

"What a you gentlemen!"—*Romeo and Juliet.*

A week had thus passed, and Mrs. Stanston had now sufficiently recovered from her illness to appear in the drawing-room. She was a lady of about fifty, and though her manner in habitual invalid; but her manners had been nothing of that courtly polish which has ever been remarkable among the gentry of the old colonial families, and among the gentry of the colonial Gen. Morgan, and other Col. Washington, whom she also knew, though they had been dead many years, she spoke with an easy familiarity, and with solicitude, but with strict impartiality.

"I have never kind Evaline an other side, and my only wish is that an aged and delicate widow may be permitted to live in peace. This I have hitherto done, and I doubt not will still be enabled to do." And she looked around her with an expression of satisfaction, as she spoke, "there is her much chivalry to the gentlemen of Carolina, and among the royal officers of the province, and an unyielding one especially."

This was all that passed betwixt her and Somers on the subject of the war; and he was very much on the high-bred gentlemen ever to allude to the subject, content with receiving her hospitalities without interfering with her wish to preserve a strict neutrality. He had no doubt, however, both from what Gen. Morgan had said, and from what he observed, that, while she kept this original impartiality, her opinions, if not her feelings, were with the patriots; and this not thought finally ten would have drawn her another inquiry.

One morning before Somers had left his chamber, Eph made his appearance, his manner evincing something which he deemed of importance to communicate. He placed and replaced various articles about the room, easy hour, for I might as well say the truth at once. And what right have I to complain? None. I have been a fool, and that is the end of it."

With these feelings he went down to the dinner room. Evaline had resumed the quiet dignity which so well became her at the table, and the conversation was on topics common to all. Somers had now an opportunity of observing his style of manners, and the next morning a new being; a being with a soul; a child no longer.

When Arabella found herself in her own room, she threw herself into a chair, and burst into tears. Her offered herself. Her bright smiles were gone: she looked weary and unhappy. She looked for days at her dressed hands, and covered her face with them and thoughts. The arrow at length had reached her heart.

"I almost thought," said she aloud, "I had grown to love Mr. Somers. Vanity, vanity, how hard and spoke bravely: I am not vain; but I am very beautiful, and I have been told that I am very clever, and I am fantastic if possessing any beauty, or, at least, any attire, and am not in the least unaware of my own surpassing loveliness; therein, also, lies power, and I have always loved power. I should have seen that the world has lost."

She sat looked at her own glowing form in the large mirror, and still roused on. Her musings were a type of her own character.

"He was with her all the evening, with my sister, and I was left to myself. He could talk to her of the face of my sister more than the one I was inflicted under me. He did not love me: so I do not love him. I will sleep tonight and wear my gayest dress and brightest ear for to-morrow's ride. I will not die, and I will say to my good little friend sister that Eugene Desmarlie is a very naughty boy, and a great flirt, and that she must not heed his letters to him. I will tell her how many hearts he has broken, and that I am certain he loves any one as it is myself—that he has told me so much. Yes, that will be the best way to treat him—I will not die, I will love. So good night."

The morrow came, and with it came Eugene Desmarlie in the house of Mr. Woodville. He found Arabella in the garden at an early hour.

Eugene almost immediately left the room, but not until Eugene had placed within her hand a small bouquet of rare flowers, and had left a letter and a warm blood and a half glance from her soft eyes in return.

Eugene was angry at her for going. He talked and laughed the morning away with Mary Somers, and almost vowed to himself to love her out of spite. Arabella had gone what one promised herself to do night before; so far she had succeeded. She had been successful in her attire, and had met with an answer to much fascination that Eugene seemed charmed in spite of himself. Agnes did not doubt of his love, but she was a reserved knight. She had never seen him before. She had not the unreliable name of a flirt.

Arabella and her mother obtained their wish. She was elected to a real count, a German count, with an old castle and a long line of ancestors. Her mother was forced to cool into the breathless low, soft couch. Evening by the dill-starre between those two rivals. The ball opened with the count and Arabella. Eugene came again the next day. Arabella was not at home—he saw Agnes alone. She looked very shy, but her reserve gradually melted before his frank, earnest manner. She forgot her sister's reserve, was her own natural self, and Eugene thought he had never seen so lovely, so loveable a thing as she was. She played and sang for him, and as she took it into her young, half down-cast eyes, and upon her blushing, tender face, he exclaimed that he was never so happy before. How he prevailed upon was on the point of telling her how much he loved her, did reveal, however, and was relieved to pass for the present from the subject.

"Mr. Woodville, I have a few words to say to you," spoke Eugene, after the servant, who showed him in, had left the room, "a matter of business, but it will be very brief."

"Say them, my boy."

"But you must promise to read this." Eugene handed him a letter of introduction from a friend of Mr. Woodville's, who resided in Philadelphia, and was the son of Robert G. Desmarlie, of Baltimore; that the eyes resides of very large fortune, and was himself a knowledge of the law. &c. &c.

"Why, you are a Frenchman, a French Count," "There is where I have deceived you," and Eugene, but he only he had pleased for what he was not; and ended with telling him how he loved Agnes.

"Then you are not a Frenchman?"

"No. I was born in America."

"And your parents?" said the old gentleman, with the only thing I had against you. I liked you from the first, and have done so more and more every day, and envied her the Prince's arrive. She was herself of her heart had been taken prisoner.

Eugene looked at the gentleman and on the great crape of the curtain, and then the Prince de Beam. He looked as if he people as they passed, and then, extended to state his wish to be left alone for a few minutes.

"Why is that pretty little maiden from whom I took the rose?" asked he of one of the gentlemen in waiting, as the Prince left the room.

"She is the daughter of the count gardener," was the reply. "I have noticed one of his flowers is rather more beautiful than the rest."

"Then I will have Florette: when she is older it will be Flora."

"Your Highness is very much flattered—almost unconsciously, to himself.

He had often in his life heard of love: as who could live at the court in Paris without hearing of it? But he had never had a little of the feeling in the case of Charlotte languages. He acquired the knowledge, and, unconsciously, was pleased with the flattery addressed to, and retained it also, as the history of the other years can testify, but he had never had room to love, and therefore he was unaware. But of all are not of necessity to love. But of all the beauties to whom he paid homage, there was none that he thought so lovely as Agnes. Her voice, her face, her manner, her dress, her every look and word, and her every look and word, and her every look and word, and

been held enough to interfere with his gardener's business. He resolved to watch, and find out the culprit; and watched he did, and that to some purpose. For the King and all the court were not an exception, and did not return before evening. The Princess Elizabeth usually slowly wandered in the garden, and not absent herself; neither here, nor from a hunting party the next morning. For that day, as the court assembled at Shooter's Hill, to partake of the sport of the field, the Princess Elizabeth, and her lady in waiting as before, then remained in the garden, to walk in the grounds, and eat fresh fruit in new time. Nobody saw him, and what followed, but the gardener and his body. He returned to the court, by a roundabout way; that is, the retinue of the King, and the Princess reached over the flats and marsh of the locality known, like the flats of Greenwich, as Deptford. Here Henry asked of the master of the ferry, if he had not called that one seeded the boat over? He answered that he had not called, and had not remained beautiful: she smiled, and said he was a fisherman. He insisted he had never passed over, and that he had not taken side to target. Now the girl of her race; she replied that she was not a fisherman's daughter, but the royal Princess Elizabeth, and that she knew her remembrance; but he really persisted in his statement. It was then that the Princess looked to the river, and asked for the flowers on the window; those she willingly gave, glad if they could afford him any pleasure.

They passed some time in these exchanging compliments; it taught the voice of the Princess, and recalling Florette from an injurious reason. She smiled on others to be pleased, and Henry, Henry followed in the rustic, but he hardly felt the greatest under his hand, nor heeded he had been in the presence of the

When old Lucas came home at noon from his work, he said: "I am curious to know who or this, who could have been in my house during my absence. I have not been able to search him. It is not a little singular: he must track his footsteps."

When Florette came with the dinner from the spring at evening—it seemed to her for the first time, that the invisible gardener must be the young Prince. For he answered as before. All would be the spot to her window.

The court returned to the castle after sunset, from the day's excursion; and Henry took his usual solitary walk in the grounds. He could not think of any one he found Florette's hut lying there. He might, he himself it, and having plucked the remaining flowers, tied them round Florette's window. He then went to the gardener's cottage; the windows were closed; and all was silent, and the gardener gone to bed. He hung the bat close by Florette's window.

The next morning, Henry, anxious, entered by the care of the house, and her own habits, was up long before the sun. He determined, at length, to find out the father by discovering the invisible gardener. Perhaps she had herself seen him, and could tell him; and yet through young ladies are not apt to confess to such a feeling.

When she had dressed herself silently, and opened her window, she saw her bat with the blue ribbon tied round it, and, more surprised than ever, on opening the evening before.—Ah!" exclaimed she—"he is before me also—I will be before him to-night, this morning!"

Where shall we meet by fate," she did not say. She took off the flowers from her hat, and put them in fresh water: the time drew on for the court to attend it to her simple toilet. Then she stepped out of the window upon the bench, and thence to the ground. There was a door to the house, but it should not be opened without noise.

As she crossed the hedges she stopped, undecided whether to go on or not. "I am certainly too late," —she said to herself. "He would not have waited all this time; the roses have gone already, and it is almost sunset." Ah! while she was thus reasoning with herself, she was too late, she continued to walk on slowly, and thought:

"What if he should really be there?" was her next thought. "What would he think, to see me come so early? He would think I came to meet him, to meet him. I will go home, and I shall then be rational enough! I must on his account."

But notwithstanding her resolution to return home, she walked on a few steps, to the nearest hedge-row of the water; and some into full view through the branches of the newly leaf.

"Ah! he is not in!" she exclaimed to herself; "I shall see his presence, and I will return home, and I will dig up flowers to set and hers. I will both myself, and wait for him!" And she went softly over the grass behind the gate of the spring, where she knew she could watch unobserved. Her heart beat violently as she stood there; and of the approach of any one, the leaves to rustle, she started, expecting some one to be approach. If it had been Henry, he would have seen her, she looked alarmed, like a timid fawn. But she was not; though she kept on watching.

At last, when Henry saw that she continued a silent and silent, he called:

"It is well! I will go away, since my presence, beautiful Florette, is not welcome to you; you cannot pardon the liberty I took in you. I will go, and never offend by coming to see you again. Farewell! But before we part, give me the satisfaction of knowing if you are not angry with me, and will say one word to me, to tell me so—one word!" and he took down before her.

It is not Jacquette; guess again!" whispered the voice—and it was a voice of music, and of love-making, the lips of the intruder impressed a kiss upon Florette's cheek. She screamed, and, instead of rising to free herself, after repeated efforts she succeeded, but not till another and another kiss had been acutely taken. The young Prince laughed heartily.

Henry smiled, but Florette's cheeks were red with vexation: the Prince begged her pardon for the liberty he had taken. He did not begged for pardon, it is possible she might have forgiven him, now to see and pouting, and with half averted face, while he struggled to get round her to see it with him. He became more humble and earnest in his entreaties. He would not rest till he had persuaded of the visit and stripping the leaves from them.

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Florette's eyes were full of tears; she looked through them, and smiling upon the handsome youth kneeling and her. At last she gave a little nervous and laugh, threw over him the handful of rose leaves, and then stripped off the hat that had been tied with them, and ran away.

The Prince followed her hat. Close by the spring, stamped, and turned round. "Now confess," she said, "that it is not you, and have studied well to be a father's mark, and dug the beds here?"

Henry answered in the affirmative. "I did it," said he, "so that Florette might be forced to think of me whether she will or not, when she contemns the spring. There are on the premises thousands of the spring, would that I could set out your path in life with flowers!"

"Very pretty!" answered Florette; "but, sir, my father is not at all pleased with following the said-known. You have meddled his garden; and see the flowers in the water now. They are all withering, and—I can have no more round them."

Oh, that I were a fairy!" she said, "that I could wish to be in the rock, if you take the trouble to look for it."

Henry too richer, and brought the watering-pot, which he found in the shed, and filled it from a spring side of flowers. After that Florette went back to the cottage.

The Prince continued day after day to wait in the garden, and he was assisted by old Lucas, appearing a carefully superintendent his work; and gave about with Florette, and the flowers she ordered them, and the bower was finished. Queen Joanna noticed what he and was silent, and highly approved of his work.

Florette and Henry had not frequently met apart, and together but children, or conversed familiarly like brother and sister, and Florette was not aware of the sad thinking of the latter. She thought not of the Prince, it was only Henry she loved, and she—she—that he seemed in his simple working-dress, more the equal of Florette than the Prince had been. But the thought not of the splendor or beauty of the court, nor of any court except Florette. His misery now in the presence of her, and the sweetness of all the circumstances of her quiet life, were the subject of his heart. But to Florette: no once sounded in his case so sweet as here.

The youthful lovers could not help regretting that the happy moments in the garden were necessarily much fewer than those spent in the court, and yet they loved each other. They longed to meet in the evening, and were sure to speak to do so before the sun set by starlight, but they could not, and talk while they were asleep.

I shall come after supper, at nine o'clock, to the spring," whispered Henry to Florette, one day, while he was setting out a flower. "Shall you—Florette?"

My father goes to bed before 8 o'clock," answered she.

And you, Florette?" whispered he, looking be-seechingly in her face.

She smiled and nodded her head. "If it should be a clear, fine night."

Henry was at the appointed spot at the hour he had named, but the evening was not fine. The moon was not there. "Once again!" it whispered, and she was not there. "Once again!" it whispered, and she was not there. "Once again!" it whispered, and she

United States SATURDAY POST.

ALMANAC FOR THE YEAR 1843.

PREPARED FOR THE United States Saturday Post. No. 98 CHESNUT STREET.

PHILADELPHIA.

MONTHS.	Days of the Month.	Days of the Week.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Moon Sets.	Moon's Age.	Moon's Southing.	CORRELATIVE TO PHILADELPHIA.			
									Sun rises.	Sun sets.	Moon rises.	Moon sets.
JANUARY (31 Mo.)	1	Sun.	7 22	4 48	11 54	1 14	4.5	4 22	7 30	4 56	12 2	1 22
	2	Mon.	7 22	4 49	12 39	2 11	5.5	5 16	7 30	4 57	12 47	2 19
	3	Tues.	7 22	4 50	1 28	3 11	6.5	6 11	7 30	4 58	1 36	3 19
	4	Wed.	7 22	4 51	2 21	4 13	7.5	7 7	7 30	4 59	2 29	4 21
	5	Thurs.	7 22	4 52	3 18	5 16	8.5	8 2	7 30	5 0	3 26	5 24
	6	Fri.	7 22	4 53	4 18	6 18	9.5	8 56	7 30	5 1	4 26	6 26
	7	Sat.	7 22	4 54	5 20	7 19	10.5	9 48	7 30	5 2	5 28	7 27
FEBRY (28 Mo.)	8	Sun.	7 21	4 55	6 22	8 17	11.5	10 37	7 29	5 3	6 30	8 25
	9	Mon.	7 21	4 56	7 23	9 12	12.5	11 24	7 29	5 4	7 31	9 20
	10	Tues.	7 21	4 57	8 22	10 4	13.5	12 8	7 29	5 5	8 30	10 12
	11	Wed.	7 21	4 58	9 19	10 54	14.5	12 51	7 29	5 6	9 27	11 2
	12	Thurs.	7 21	4 59	10 14	11 43	15.5	1 34	7 29	5 7	10 22	11 51
	13	Fri.	7 21	5 0	11 8	12 32	16.5	2 17	7 29	5 8	11 16	12 40
	14	Sat.	7 21	5 1	12 1	1 22	17.5	3 1	7 29	5 9	12 9	1 30
MARCH (31 Mo.)	15	Sun.	7 20	5 2	12 54	2 14	18.5	3 47	7 28	5 10	1 2	2 22
	16	Mon.	7 20	5 3	1 48	3 8	19.5	4 36	7 28	5 11	1 56	3 16
	17	Tues.	7 20	5 4	2 45	4 4	20.5	5 28	7 28	5 12	2 53	4 12
	18	Wed.	7 20	5 5	3 45	5 2	21.5	6 23	7 28	5 13	3 53	5 10
	19	Thurs.	7 20	5 6	4 47	6 1	22.5	7 20	7 28	5 14	4 55	6 9
	20	Fri.	7 20	5 7	5 50	7 0	23.5	8 18	7 28	5 15	5 58	7 8
	21	Sat.	7 20	5 8	6 52	7 57	24.5	9 15	7 28	5 16	7 0	8 5
APRIL (30 Mo.)	22	Sun.	7 19	5 9	7 52	8 51	25.5	10 10	7 27	5 17	8 0	9 0
	23	Mon.	7 19	5 10	8 49	9 42	26.5	11 2	7 27	5 18	8 57	9 53
	24	Tues.	7 19	5 11	9 43	10 31	27.5	11 52	7 27	5 19	9 51	10 42
	25	Wed.	7 19	5 12	10 35	11 18	28.5	12 40	7 27	5 20	10 43	11 30
	26	Thurs.	7 19	5 13	11 25	12 4	29.5	1 26	7 27	5 21	11 33	12 16
	27	Fri.	7 19	5 14	12 14	12 49	0.5	2 11	7 27	5 22	12 22	1 1
	28	Sat.	7 19	5 15	1 2	1 34	1.5	2 56	7 27	5 23	1 10	1 46
MAY (31 Mo.)	29	Sun.	7 18	5 16	1 50	2 19	2.5	3 42	7 26	5 24	1 58	2 31
	30	Mon.	7 18	5 17	2 38	3 5	3.5	4 30	7 26	5 25	2 46	3 17
	1	Tues.	7 18	5 18	3 28	3 53	4.5	5 20	7 26	5 26	3 36	4 5
	2	Wed.	7 18	5 19	4 21	4 44	5.5	6 13	7 26	5 27	4 29	4 56
	3	Thurs.	7 18	5 20	5 16	5 38	6.5	7 8	7 26	5 28	5 24	5 50
	4	Fri.	7 18	5 21	6 13	6 34	7.5	8 4	7 26	5 29	6 21	6 46
	5	Sat.	7 18	5 22	7 11	7 31	8.5	8 59	7 26	5 30	7 19	7 43
JUNE (30 Mo.)	6	Sun.	7 17	5 23	8 8	8 27	9.5	9 52	7 25	5 31	8 16	8 39
	7	Mon.	7 17	5 24	9 4	9 20	10.5	10 43	7 25	5 32	9 12	9 32
	8	Tues.	7 17	5 25	9 58	10 11	11.5	11 32	7 25	5 33	10 6	10 23
	9	Wed.	7 17	5 26	10 50	11 0	12.5	12 19	7 25	5 34	10 58	11 12
	10	Thurs.	7 17	5 27	11 40	11 48	13.5	1 4	7 25	5 35	11 48	11 59
	11	Fri.	7 17	5 28	12 29	12 35	14.5	1 48	7 25	5 36	12 37	12 46
	12	Sat.	7 17	5 29	1 17	1 22	15.5	2 32	7 25	5 37	1 25	1 33
JULY (30 Mo.)	13	Sun.	7 17	5 30	2 5	2 10	16.5	3 17	7 25	5 38	2 13	2 20
	14	Mon.	7 17	5 31	2 54	2 59	17.5	4 4	7 25	5 39	3 2	3 9
	15	Tues.	7 17	5 32	3 45	3 50	18.5	4 54	7 25	5 40	3 53	4 0
	16	Wed.	7 17	5 33	4 39	4 44	19.5	5 47	7 25	5 41	4 47	4 55
	17	Thurs.	7 17	5 34	5 36	5 41	20.5	6 42	7 25	5 42	5 44	5 52
	18	Fri.	7 17	5 35	6 36	6 40	21.5	7 39	7 25	5 43	6 44	6 51
	19	Sat.	7 17	5 36	7 38	7 39	22.5	8 36	7 25	5 44	7 46	7 50
AUGUST (31 Mo.)	20	Sun.	7 17	5 37	8 40	8 36	23.5	9 32	7 25	5 45	8 48	8 46
	21	Mon.	7 17	5 38	9 41	9 30	24.5	10 25	7 25	5 46	9 49	9 39
	22	Tues.	7 17	5 39	10 39	10 20	25.5	11 15	7 25	5 47	10 47	10 29
	23	Wed.	7 17	5 40	11 34	11 7	26.5	12 2	7 25	5 48	11 42	11 16
	24	Thurs.	7 17	5 41	12 26	11 52	27.5	12 47	7 25	5 49	12 34	12 1
	25	Fri.	7 17	5 42	1 15	12 36	28.5	1 30	7 25	5 50	1 23	12 45
	26	Sat.	7 17	5 43	2 2	1 19	29.5	2 12	7 25	5 51	2 10	1 28
SEPTBR (30 Mo.)	27	Sun.	7 17	5 44	2 48	2 2	0.5	2 54	7 25	5 52	2 56	2 11
	28	Mon.	7 17	5 45	3 34	2 47	1.5	3 37	7 25	5 53	3 42	2 55
	29	Tues.	7 17	5 46	4 21	3 34	2.5	4 22	7 25	5 54	4 29	3 42
	30	Wed.	7 17	5 47	5 11	4 25	3.5	5 10	7 25	5 55	5 19	4 33
	31	Thurs.	7 17	5 48	6 5	5 20	4.5	6 2	7 25	5 56	6 13	5 28
OCTOBR (31 Mo.)	1	Fri.	7 17	5 49	7 3	6 17	5.5	6 58	7 25	5 57	7 11	6 25
	2	Sat.	7 17	5 50	8 4	7 15	6.5	7 56	7 25	5 58	8 12	7 23
NOVBR (30 Mo.)	3	Sun.	7 17	5 51	9 6	8 12	7.5	8 54	7 25	5 59	9 14	8 20
	4	Mon.	7 17	5 52	10 8	9 6	8.5	9 51	7 25	6 0	10 16	9 14
	5	Tues.	7 17	5 53	11 8	9 57	9.5	10 45	7 25	6 1	11 16	10 5
	6	Wed.	7 17	5 54	12 6	10 45	10.5	11 36	7 25	6 2	12 14	10 53
	7	Thurs.	7 17	5 55	1 1	11 31	11.5	12 24	7 25	6 3	1 9	11 39
	8	Fri.	7 17	5 56	1 54	12 15	12.5	1 10	7 25	6 4	2 2	12 23
	9	Sat.	7 17	5 57	2 45	12 58	13.5	1 54	7 25	6 5	2 53	1 6
DECBR (31 Mo.)	10	Sun.	7 17	5 58	3 35	1 41	14.5	2 38	7 25	6 6	3 43	1 50
	11	Mon.	7 17	5 59	4 25	2 25	15.5	3 24	7 25	6 7	4 33	2 35
	12	Tues.	7 17	6 0	5 16	3 11	16.5	4 12	7 25	6 8	5 24	3 21
	13	Wed.	7 17	6 1	6 9	4 0	17.5	5 3	7 25	6 9	6 17	4 10
	14	Thurs.	7 17	6 2	7 4	4 53	18.5	5 57	7 25	6 10	7 12	5 3
	15	Fri.	7 17	6 3	8 0	5 50	19.5	6 54	7 25	6 11	8 8	5 59
	16	Sat.	7 17	6 4	8 57	6 50	20.5	7 52	7 25	6 12	9 5	6 59
	17	Sun.	7 17	6 5	9 54	7 52	21.5	8 50	7 25	6 13	10 2	8 1
	18	Mon.	7 17	6 6	10 49	8 55	22.5	9 47	7 25	6 14	10 57	9 4
	19	Tues.	7 17	6 7	11 41	9 58	23.5	10 41	7 25	6 15	11 49	10 7
	20	Wed.	7 17	6 8	12 30	11 0	24.5	11 32	7 25	6 16	12 38	11 9
	21	Thurs.	7 17	6 9	1 16	12 0	25.5	12 20	7 25	6 17	1 24	12 9
	22	Fri.	7 17	6 10	1 59	12 58	26.5	1 5	7 25	6 18	2 7	1 7
	23	Sat.	7 17	6 11	2 40	1 54	27.5	1 48	7 25	6 19	2 48	2 3
	24	Sun.	7 17	6 12	3 19	2 48	28.5	2 30	7 25	6 20	3 27	2 57
	25	Mon.	7 17	6 13	3 57	3 41	29.5	3 11	7 25	6 21	4 5	3 50
	26	Tues.	7 17	6 14	4 34	4 34	0.5	3 52	7 25	6 22	4 42	4 43
	27	Wed.	7 17	6 15	5 11	5 27	1.5	4 33	7 25	6 23	5 19	5 36
	28	Thurs.	7 17	6 16	5 49	6 21	2.5	5 15	7 25	6 24	5 57	6 30
	29	Fri.	7 17	6 17	6 29	7 16	3.5	5 59	7 25	6 25	6 37	7 25
	30	Sat.	7 17	6 18	7 12	8 12	4.5	6 46	7 25	6 26	7 20	8 21
	31	Sun.	7 17	6 19	8 0	9 9	5.5	7 36	7 25	6 27	8 8	9 18

Notices of New Works.

THE LADY'S WORLD. *for January, 1843*, Lar ger on our table for more than a week, having been unavoidably left out of our list of Periodicals for the month. The Lady's World is a superb one, containing five costly and elegant Illustrations, on every variety of fashion, and literary matter—of which we give a specimen on the first page—is from some of the first pens in the country. To the gentlemen of the merit and popularity of the number, we quote a few of the opinions of the press which have come to hand.

"Among the many splendid and beautiful books, suitable for New Year's presents, we have seen none that give so great pleasure to notice and recommend, as the Lady's World. It surpasses the best of this meritorious Magazine, in splendidity embellishment with the really superb engravings, and in the superior sagacity of the kind-hat by several from its previous issues. They will exceed in the best style of the art, and by the best masters. No. 1, The Bower," a mezzotint engraving, is one of the most chaste and perfect specimens of engraving. The other embellishments are also of a high order, beautifully colored, lithographed representations of the Costume Parisie Fixed, executed in the "newest" style, by Stadler. Of the engravings, the magnificent plate of the Fashions, by Peter, representing the Female Costume classified in fact—there is also a fine steel engraving, beautifully and correctly executed, of Mr. Jacques' walking dress. The number also contains an excellent engraving of the Professor of the Gastrology," introducing a new system to a chapter on Fursuits, from the pen of Mr. R. T. Norman—"Instructive Instinct."

—Mr. Peterson has presented to the public a very handsome number of the "World of Fashion," for January month. So embellished and so rich in literature in their kind. They consist of a mezzotint, by Sartain, of Mrs. Dow, a beautiful head, "Rosalie Orsini," drawn from Nature, by Antiochus; "Carrara Statuary," and Evening and Walking dresses of the latest style. The stories are all original, and I am told by a number of well-known literary gents. "The World of Fashion" is constantly increasing in interest, and will compete with the best of the magazines of the day."—*Ledger*.

—During the night of the 24th in Broughton street, Belfast, the premises of Mr. Miller's doctrine of the partitions of the world. Mr. Miller's publication will be as follows:

Florida War.—A Tallahassee paper says:

Mr. Hitchcock, now operating in the Wahoo Swamp, has received Chief, and several of the whole of the party to Fort Mellon.

The party numbers

Indians.—During the night of the 24th in Broughton street, Belfast, the premises of Mr. Miller's doctrine of the partitions of the world. Mr. Miller's publication will be as follows:

Mr. Peterson has presented to the public a very handsome number of the "World of Fashion," for January month. So embellished and so rich in literature in their kind. They consist of a mezzotint, by Sartain, of Mrs. Dow, a beautiful head, "Rosalie Orsini," drawn from Nature, by Antiochus; "Carrara Statuary," and Evening and Walking dresses of the latest style. The stories are all original, and I am told by a number of well-known literary gents. "The World of Fashion" is constantly increasing in interest, and will compete with the best of the magazines of the day."—*Ledger*.

The embellishments are unusually meritorious. The work is, indeed, for the price of the number, a very beautiful publication.—*Boston Post*.

There is a fine picture, in this number, by one of our best female writers, Mrs. Lydia Jane Pierson, a valuable article by R. M. Norman, author of "Tobacco in Virginia," a valuable table, statistic, poetry, &c. *It all surely entitles.* The price of the work is but $3 00, it being the only original magazine in this country published monthly, at less than $5 00. The publisher moreover advertises to furnish twenty copies for twenty dollars, sparse funds, postage paid. This is a liberal arrangement and a price which need scroll his list to an enormous size. *C. J. Peterson, Publisher, 98 Chesnut street.*

Miss Leslie's Magazine. *Marion McMichael, 98 Chesnut street.*—The first number of this periodical for the new year is before us, and in point of number and brilliancy of *plates* that give it quite a fashionable appearance. The leading embellishment is "The Happy Pair," a mezzotint engraving, which is the Magazine in Sartain's inimitable style. The next is the Champion, and from the manner of handling his weapon, we should say he was a practised hand. We are not that the vigorous sketch in *illustration*, from the publisher's pen, tells a different tale. The Fashion plates are admirable, and figure in an eminent degree in the gets among all the fashion figures of the month. The lady who was in an agony, lest she should not receive her book regularly, will find that being able to follow all the monthly fashions as given in the Magazines; should see, this, if indeed her agony ends not in spasms.

Miss Leslie. Mrs. Embury. Miss Delmar! ahem, and a host of belles, well known as popular writers, are enrolled in the list. Mr. Michael, Mr. Chas. Mr. Willis, Mr. Tuckerman and Judge Hopkinson, all well known as able writers, contribute to the Number. Taken as a whole, the present is a large number, and we have no doubt that it will afford our friend, the publisher, great pleasure to give us credit, a few hundred subscribers more.

London paper says:—

Samuel C. Hall, Editor—Mulberry, or the Fortunes and attractive audience mysterious as ever."

The Canard British Steamer Hibernia, 1 Britannia, 1840, and the average time taking one with the other, 14 days.

New York man, that the best of the western country at quality pork, one to our readers, and to his own pet and fruit.

Three negroes are now in jail, for the murder of two wanderers graveyards. Two or anatomical purposes for

The conclusion of an address delegates at Memphis, on C. C. Levin, Esq., investigations signed its total absence.

Dead in the street, in Cincinnati, on the 23d inst. of her pastor. She was

Mrs. Hemans, translated into the Mahometan, Mrs. Gliden, have been paid 1832, the sum of $612.

Fifty boats brought to this port 10,643 bales of cotton.

The index of the New York Clothing Society have collected, during the past year, the sum of $6,992 59, which they have expended in 9000 garments, 500 comfortables, 100 pair of shoes, 200 pairs of hose, and 60 pairs of gloves.

Local Intelligence.

New Baptist Church.—On Monday a new Baptist congregation was constituted, with appropriate ceremonies, in the meeting-house of the 10th Baptist Church, in Eighth street above Green. The services were conducted by the Rev. Messrs. Cowell, Higbee, Burrows, Lincoln, Kennard and Aldrich, and were of the most impressive character. The church now numbers about forty communicants, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. C. C. Williams, and they worship in the Methodist Chapel, in Ellsworth street, near Poplar lane.

Coal.—Some one of the light fingered gentry who have recently made such daring inroads into our Courts, last week, contemplated his future occupations in impudence, and stole the overcoat of Judge Petit, of the District Court. The coat was hanging on a pin behind the seats of the Judge, and must have been stolen almost in the very face of the Court and bar, during a brief moment, while the Judges were not upon the bench, but were still in the Court room.

Forfeited Charter.—A final decree of forfeiture of the late Union banner was made and consummated for fraudulent importation, and which were recently condemned in the United States District Court for the district of Indiana. These goods, comprising six hundred and fifty-nine pieces of valuable calicos and cassimeres, will be sold by the U. S. Marshal, Isaac D. Eng., at the close of the present st, or early in the ensuing month, at public auction.

Bank Stealing.—On Tuesday, in the General Sessions, in the case of George Morris, indicted for a conspiracy with others, in entering the grave yard of St. John's Church, Manayunk, with intent to steal the body of John Farrell, the jury returned a verdict of guilty against the defendant. Sentence was deferred. When pronounced we trust it will serve to deter others from this too common crime.

Calvary Mariners.—A court composed of officers of the Marine Corps, will commence at Philadelphia Navy Yard, on the 19th instant for the purpose of trying Lieut. Robert Tansil, upon charges preferred against him by Lieut. J. C. McLaughlin, commander of the late Florida expedition, for some personal offences, growing out of a quarrel on the coast of Florida.

Mr. Miller in Philadelphia.—We learn that a number of persons in the northern part of this city have a conference in the theory of Mr. Miller. Lectures are delivered nearly every evening, and are listened to by crowded audiences. On Sunday several clergymen in the district likewise warned their congregations against any alarm upon the subject.

Charge of Riot.—Jacob Bender, a young man, was on Tuesday ordered to find bail in the sum of $1000, by the Mayor, to answer the charge of a riot and breach of the peace on the day after Christmas, and an assault upon the apprentice of the Washington Engine Company.

☞ The attention of Druggists and Druggists is respectfully directed to the advertisement of S. W. Richards, Druggist and Apothecary, 98 South, who has lately opened a new establishment at the South-west corner of Chesnut and Third street, Lodge Building, Philadelphia.

A Scene.—On Tuesday morning, in the Court of General Sessions, two prisoners in the dock had scarcely found at 8 o'clock. One of them got awfully drunk and lasted 3 days. Name the density of the Congress in the physical power of the officers could successfully be involved.

An Attempt was made on Sunday morning, to fire the building of the Spirit of the Times, in Chesnut street, above Third. Some anecdotal items a number of half-burned newspapers into the brimstone of the publication office.

Vagrants.—The number of persons who have been committed to the county prison during the present month, and the past year, amounts to 3975. This includes those sent both from the city and county.

Rum.—The quantity of rum which has fallen in the city during the year 1842, according to a calculation made by the Committee of Vigilance, is 63,338 gallons, or a fraction over four feet.

Baptism.—Twenty-seven persons were baptized in the Fifth street Baptist Church, on Eighth Street above Green, on Sunday morning last.

Tobacco.—Mr. George Kane, the City Inspector, has inspected 3740 hogsheads of tobacco, during the past year.

Notices of the Dead.

Death of a Judge.—Judge Samuel Chambers, one of the wealthiest and most respectable citizens of Orange county, Indiana, died on the 9th instant, in the 70th year of his age. Mr. Chambers was one of the pioneers of Indiana; he had been a citizen of that state for more than forty years, during which time it was his fortune to enjoy the confidence of his fellow citizens to a high degree. He served fifteen years in the general assembly of the State, four in the Senate, and three in the lower House, and shone in the senate, giving general satisfaction to his constituents.

☞ Major John Taylor was thrown from his sulky on the 15th of December, while returning to Tallahassee, (Florida) from a visit to one of his children, and was so much injured that he died in a few hours after the accident. Major Taylor had lived in Florida about 14 years. He was in the 63d year of his age.

☞ The Indiana Statesman of the 11th says:—"We learn that Gen. R. M. Evans, an old resident of this county, died very suddenly on Saturday or Wednesday afternoon last, aged about 58 years."

☞ Dr. N. Potter, late Professor in the University of Maryland, a resident of Washington, extensively known in the District of Columbia, died suddenly at his residence in that city, on Monday morning.

☞ Dr. Joshua Lee, formerly a member of Congress from Yates County, N. Y., died a few days since.

☞ The Albany papers announce the death of the Rev. Mr. Myers, a Lutheran clergyman of that city.

Religious Intelligence.

Sunday Schools.—At the recent anniversary celebration of the Sunday School attached to the Methodist Church in Eighth street, New York, Dr. Dorchester stated that out of 150,000 children who received instructions at the Hibernian Society School, 30,000 had been converted to God, and that of all the convicts at Botany Bay, one only had ever been a Sunday scholar. He also mentioned that Dr. Alexander, of Princeton, visited the Penitentiary while last, that, in no instance which had come to his knowledge, had a person, who had been trained in a Sunday School, been convicted of crime.

Consecration of a Bishop.—The Boston Advertiser of Friday says:—The consecration of Dr. Eastburn, as Assistant Bishop of the Episcopal Church in Massachusetts, will take place on December 21 at the Trinity Church in this city. The sermon will be preached by Rev. Dr. Vinton and Rev. Mr. Wainwright, the former a brother of Bishop Elect Eastburn of Western New York; and the consecration service was performed by Bishops Griswold, Brownell, and Meade. A very numerous audience attended the interesting service.

☞ The town of Winchester, Virginia, containing a population of less than 4000 souls, has churches as follows: 1 Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Episcopal, 2 Baptist, 1 Friends, 1 Roman Catholic.

☞ A new Lutheran Church has been dedicated in Winchester, Va.

Congress News.

The Bankrupt Repeal Bill still hangs in Congress. In the House it has been made a hook upon which to hang speeches on things in general, by Messrs. Ingersoll, Adams, Wise, Cushman and Kennedy of Indiana. The question pending was the reference of the Bill to the Committee on the Judiciary with instructions to report back the same on the 2d March next. On Friday and Saturday, the House was occupied with private bills. A message was received from the President of the United States, on the subject of our relations and commerce with China; and also in relation to opening a negotiation with the Sandwich Islands, with a view to secure to them our commercial interests. The message was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

The Senate have passed the bill for the compromise of pension agents. Mr. Linn's Oregon Bill was postponed to this week. Nauthor House sat on Monday. Now that the holidays are fairly over we may expect a resumption of the public business.

☞ The editor of the Pendant Argus has been enjoying in a feast of Watermelons. It rains, frosh, in eighty-four days from Surgite.

Political Intelligence.

☞ Severe Caricature.—Col. Hager reminds Mr. Calhoun in the Senate. He was an "Union man" in the days of Nullification. His colleague in Col. George McDuffie, who takes the place of Mr. Preston, resigned, having been chosen for the remainder of that gentleman's term, and also for six years from the 4th of March next.

☞ Mr. Clay arrived at New Orleans on the 23d ult. He was received by thousands in the most enthusiastic manner. The city was alive with huzzas throughout the day, while the appearance of the military, the roar of cannon, and the shouts of the vast multitude, indicated the feelings of the people.

☞ In New Hampshire, Charles G. Atherton, a distinguished member of the last and present House of Representatives, has been elected U. S. Senator in the place of Mr. Wilcox, (Dem.)

North Carolina.—Mr. Heywood, for many years Speaker of the House of Representatives of North Carolina, has been chosen a U. S. Senator in place of Mr. Graham.

☞ The twelve Senators already chosen, give the Democratic party a gain of six votes over the present number, in the upper branch of the National Legislature.

Georgia.—Walter F. Colquitt, a minister of the Gospel of the Methodist Episcopal persuasion, has been elected to the Senate in the place of J. M. Berrien.

☞ The Legislature of Wisconsin has adjourned, the Governor having refused to hold commencements with them.

☞ Hon. J. M. Niles, (formerly Postmaster General) has been elected from Connecticut, to the U. S. Senate.

☞ William Allen, who has represented Ohio in the Senate during the last six years, has been again chosen.

☞ Gov. Woodbury, of N. H. is spoken of as a candidate for the Vice Presidency on the Calhoun ticket.

☞ Sidney Breese, (Dem.) has been selected as the successor to Mr. Young, in the Senate of Illinois.

☞ George Dayton, (Whig) has been re-elected to the U. S. Senate, in New Jersey.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

On Tuesday, the Legislature was organized by the choice of Hendrick B. Wright, of Luzerne, Speaker of the House, and Benjamin Jenks, of Bucks, Speaker of Philadelphia, Speaker of the Senate. On Wednesday, the Annual Message of the Governor was received.

MESSAGE

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania:

Fellow Citizens:—Having in my former message, respectfully fully set forth the financial condition and other general interests of the State, I shall confine myself on the present occasion to such matters as may be more particularly relevant to the duties of the Legislature. In discharging this duty on the present occasion, I shall proceed at once to call your attention to those matters of public concern which appear to me, in the greatest degree, the attention of the Legislature. In common with the country there is the Union, and with all parts of the commercial world, the citizens of Pennsylvania are now undergoing the severe ordeal of pecuniary embarrassment. Statutes of all kinds a crippled and limited currency, public confidence impaired, the credit of the State shrunk, and even the hardest struggles of individuals to meet their engagements, are the reflex result.

Whatever may be the cause of that portion of this general distress which is the result of the action of the State, how are here in the slightest degree shaken in the opinion that the true policy of the State is to foster and protect its industry in all its departments. The vigor and industry of the community, manifested in the midst of the pressure of the times, will more overcome the temporary inconvenience, than the most skilful legislation. Nothing can be more true than that the wealth of the community will in the end be justly affected. Thus one of the most important duties of the Legislature becomes a comparatively free from debt and embarrassment and possessed of all the benefits that arise from flourishing revenue and plentiful income.

The Legislature will see at once the propriety of the first responsibilities which means to provide, as promptly, the means of the State. The report on the public debt, which will form part of the communication of next session, will exhibit to you in full detail the amount of the debt, and the means which will be necessary to be provided to meet the interest thereon. It is only necessary for me to call your attention to the fact that the interest on the public debt, which will become due on the first day of January next, will require the sum of $1,500,000 to meet it. The receipts into the treasury from the various sources of revenue, will not amount to more than $1,000,000, leaving a deficiency of $500,000 to be provided for. This deficiency will be increased to $600,000 on the first day of July next, and will continue to increase in the same ratio, unless the means are provided to meet the interest as it falls due. The Legislature will see at once the necessity of providing for this deficiency, and will, I doubt not, be prepared to do so in such manner as will be most equal and equitable to the citizens of the State, and will least injure their prosperity. The means of meeting the interest on the public debt, and of providing for the ordinary expenses of the State, are now in the hands of the Legislature. It remains to be seen how they will be applied. Whether the burden of taxation shall be equally distributed, or whether the property of the country shall be left to bear the whole burden, while other property is entirely exempt, is a question which the Legislature will be called upon to decide. The present system of taxation is unequal and unjust, and ought to be changed. It seems to have proceeded upon the principle that the property of the country was to be taxed for the benefit of the State, and that the property of the State was not to be taxed for the benefit of the country. The property of the State consists chiefly of improvements which are not productive, and which yield no revenue. The property of the country consists chiefly of productive property, which yields large revenues. The property of the State is taxed to the full amount of its income, while the property of the country is taxed but little more than one-half. The property of the State is taxed to the full amount of its income, while the property of the country is taxed but little more than one-half. The property of the State is taxed to the full amount of its income, while the property of the country is taxed but little more than one-half.

I have been aware that certain local companies, incorporated by the Legislature, have enjoyed exemption from taxation, and that the Legislature has, in a great measure, been induced to continue this exemption, from the fact that the State has been receiving a bonus for the charter. This is a subject which I have considered with much care, and I am satisfied that the exemption of these companies from taxation is unjust and unequal. It seems to have proceeded upon the principle that the State was receiving a bonus for the charter, and that the property of the company was therefore exempt from taxation. This principle is wrong. The State receives a bonus for the charter, and the property of the company is taxed to the full amount of its income, and has been taxed to the full amount of its income, and has been taxed to the full amount of its income, and has been

Gems from the Poets.

THE CRUSADE SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

[illegible]

The Holy Virgin hovers, lying
On angel wings, above the plain,
Where all, by hostile weapon dying,
Upon her bosom wake again.
She bends with cheeks serenely bright
Amid the thunder of the fight.
Then over to the holy places!
That stifled plea is never dumb!
By prayer and conquest blot the traces,
That mark the guilt of Christendom!
If but the Savior's grave we gain,
No longer lasts the heathen reign.

Popular Lectures.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS PAPER.)

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"Ring the bell—draw up the curtain—and let the drama begin."

LECTURE XII.

Imprisonment and Death of the Dauphin—Exchange of the Princess Royal—Effect of Changing the Provinces into Departments—State of the Convention—The New Constitution of the Year III—Revolt—Danger of the Convention—Sanguinary Battle and Suppression of the Insurrection by Napoleon Buonaparte—Day of the Sections.

The son of Louis XVI, a little boy, Dauphin of France, and according to the old regime, Louis XVII, after his father's death, was placed under the care of a hard-hearted brute named Simon, as his gaoler who it is said, caused him to be tortured in the presence of Hebert, in order to compel him to say things which he was too young even to understand, in the hope that he might criminate his mother. Simon is also reported to have asked his employers, the Jacobins—"What is to be done with the young wolf whelp? Is he to be slain—poisoned—starved?" "No!" was the reply; "but he must be gotten rid of." Simon was a shoemaker by trade, and he caused the child to be shut up in a dark room for months together, with very little food and no change of clothing, until he was covered with filth, disease, and vermin and brought to a state of idiocy. Simon was beheaded, but though the miseries of the Dauphin were ameliorated, Reason had flown, and he died of a fever, on the 8th of June, 1795, in the eighth year of his age. On the 19th of December, in the same year, his sister, the Princess Royal, also imprisoned at Paris, was exchanged for Lafayette, and other prisoners, whom the Emperor of Austria delivered from captivity. It may not be amiss here to mention, that this Princess afterwards married her cousin, the Duke d'Angouleme, and lived in England during the whole [illegible]

[illegible]

THE EXECUTIVE was composed of FIVE DIRECTORS, whose duty it was to carry the laws, [illegible] into effect. This adoption has been deemed an error by most historians, as establishing a species of Pentarchy, which might in the end become as dangerous to liberty as the triumvirate of Cæsar, Pompey and Crassus—or as the non-official triumvirate of Couthon, St. Just and Robespierre—owing to the enormous patronage and power they must of necessity possess. A President, as in this Republic, would have been much better. One Director was to go out annually.

But when this constitution was put to the vote in the Convention—lo! a singular device on the part of the Thermidorians to retain power. They moved as an amendment, that in the event of two-thirds of their (experienced !) members not being returned to the Council of Five Hundred, they should fill up the vacancies out of their own body; thus making the new Council of Five Hundred, by a large majority, little more than the Convention itself resuscitated. With this absurd amendment, the new Constitution of the year III., passed the Convention.

But then it was necessary to send the Constitution to the people for ratification. And here, in their Primary Assemblies, much art was used to get it passed; but the obnoxious amendment spread extensive discontent, especially in Paris. The primary assemblies generally sent in their adhesion to the new Constitution; but many, if not most of them remonstrated against the amendment. The Convention, however, had resolved upon their course, and announced that the new Constitution, amendment and all, had been accepted by a majority of the Primary Assemblies of the people.

Clamor and rebellion instantly arose. The Sections in Paris met—the National Guards were with them—the Convention was accused of having falsified the returns—and it was resolved, by National Guards and populace, to surround the Tuileries, and at the point of the bayonet, to dictate to the Convention and compel them to adopt what forms and laws the insurrectionists pleased.

Thus Paris was once more threatened with a revolt as bloody as any that had preceded it.

The Convention depended on 5000 troops, a moderate artillery, and a body of 1500 volunteers, who were in fact the sweepings of Hebert and Robespierre mobs, and of prisons; but who termed themselves "The Sacred Band!" These 1500 wretches inspired horror in the Parisians, and rendered the Convention still more unpopular.

General Danican was chosen commander of the insurrectionary army. The Convention at first selected Menou to command their troops, and ordered him to proceed to two or three insurrectionary quarters and disarm the people. Menou entered the infected quarters, but found the citizens, even the better classes, already in arms and presenting so formidable an appearance, that he retreated without even an attack. He was immediately deposed, and Barras appointed in his stead: but as he was commander-in-chief, the deepest anxiety prevailed to obtain a second in command, to act under him with skill, nerve, firmness and boldness. Such qualities at such a moment, were absolutely necessary to save the Convention. Barras said:—"I have the man whom you want, I watched and knew him at Toulon. He is a little Corsican officer, who will not stand upon ceremony." This was Napoleon Buonaparte!

I have thus far traced the causes of the memorable insurrection, the suppression of which as we shall see, by the skill and energy of Napoleon Buonaparte, is known in history as the "Day of the Sections"—because too much blame is frequently attached to the people in getting up the revolt, for which, in truth, the Convention itself was the principal cause and provocation, by its outrageous abuse of power and grasping desire of future, if not also of permanent authority. Be this however, as it may; the blame must be ascribed to the Convention alone, and none to Napoleon, who as an officer appointed in a military capacity, merely obeyed orders, and did his duty nobly in extinguishing the last formidable outbreaks of the French Revolution.

Napoleon, at the instance of Barras, was sent for to the Convention, where he was consulted as to the retreat of Menou, and the best mode of suppressing the insurrection. He replied in a brief and simple manner, explaining the causes of the retreat of Menou, and also the proper methods to be employed to defeat the insurgents by military power. His explanations are said to have been replete with concentrated skill and genius. He was chosen to command the forces, and it is to the credit of Barras, that he allowed no mean jealousy to prevent his recommendation of the youthful soldier and a friend, to an office of confidence and a command of high import and [illegible]

[illegible]

THE COUNCIL OF FIVE HUNDRED [illegible]

COUNCIL OF ANCIENTS [illegible]

The Humorist.

An English paper states that a national monument is to be erected to the memory of the gallant Sir Sydney Smith, the hero of Acre. In the meanwhile his surviving sister is earning a miserable and precarious living by taking care of empty houses in the neighborhood of Oxford Square, London, for house agents.

"Mamma," said a little fellow, whose mother had forbid him drawing horses or ships on the mahogany sideboard with a sharp nail—"Mamma, this ain't a nice house. At Sam Rucker's we can cut the sofa, and pull out the hair, and ride his shovel and tongs over the carpet, but here we can't get any fun at all."

She who makes her husband and her children happy, says Goldsmith, who reclaims the one from vice and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romances, whose only occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from the quiver of their eye.

A clergyman recently, after exhausting all his zeal and eloquence upon his auditory, and finding them still continuing obdurate, concluded his prayer as follows:—"And oh, Lord, make the hearts of these sinners as soft as their heads!"

Dr. Johnson when in the fulness of years and knowledge, said, "I never take up a newspaper without finding something I should have deemed it a loss not to have seen; never without deriving from it instruction and amusement."

The latest case of absence of mind, is that of a gentleman who put his only shirt carefully to bed, and sent himself out to be washed. He did not discover his mistake till they went to iron him.

"Your cheese is made from mixed dairies," said the customer to the cheesemonger. "You're [illegible]

[illegible]

stand by the men when they are right, but I will stand by the women right or wrong."

Captain Kendall, in describing Santa Fe says it is a little mud-built city that stands between civilization and the jumping-off place.

It is said that "women want nothing but husbands, and when they have got them, they want every thing."

The Picayune wonders why the mail does not go into bankruptcy, it has failed so often.

No one can be happy who has not got an honest heart in his bosom.

Choice Selections.

THE WINTER HEARTH.

FROM THE BOSTON EVENING BULLETIN.

The summer day is bright and long,
With beaming sun and azure sky;
Rich in varieties of song,
And flowers that lure the butterfly;
Yet it has not the heartfelt mirth,
Which flows around the Winter Hearth.

The world has many seeming joys,
That tempt the truant heart to roam,
But its chill breath the dream destroys,
And turns it back again to home.
There are no dearer ties on earth,
Than meet around the Winter Hearth.

There, kindred souls are glowing near,
And kindred smiles are fondly given,
They seem so bright when all is drear,
They raise the grateful heart to Heaven;
And holy is the simple mirth,
Which flows around the Winter Hearth.

LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION.

"Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot worshippers, here's a letter for thee."—*Shakspeare.*

Some men have a repugnance to delivering letters of introduction, anxious as they may have been to obtain them, and useful as they may promise to prove. Unless a man has some full and distinct reason for this feeling, he is both wrong and foolish. The morbid dread of a cold reception has no doubt lost many a shy stranger the advantage of making a warm friend. At any rate, an introductory epistle once accepted should be duly submitted at its destination. One party or other, possibly both, may take offence at the neglect, and so two friends are lost instead of one gained. A man, and particularly a young man, as the shy individual generally is, might better risk and even endure the mortification of a cool reception than not [illegible]

[illegible]

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

All good stories should have a sober moral. We assume the proposition, though without intending here to defend it; and mean only to relate a true story, the facts of which actually occurred on Christmas morning.

We had been invited by a friend residing in a beautiful town closely adjacent to our good city, to pass the eve and day of Christmas at his cottage, with an understanding that we were not to expect company, and to meet only those of his own household. Our friend is a "little bit of an Englishman" in feeling, and keeps Christmas after the true "hospitality fashion." By this, we do not mean that he surfeits his guests with plum puddings and pumpkin pies, or sets the table afloat in champagne, hock, or burgundy; we mean that he receives his guests with a genuine Christmas welcome, and makes each division of time not only to honor the day to be celebrated, but also to contribute to the heart's pure impulses, and to produce the genuine festal feeling of calm and happy thoughts. There is no boisterous clamor, or obstreperous mirth-making; but the sunshine of the soul illuminates the peaceful dwelling, and content, and quiet joy—those jewels which no Indian mine can buy, no chemic art can counterfeit—are the features warmed into new being beneath the reflex of this benignant light.

But we need not tell about the Saturday dinner, or the *petit souper* of the evening; we need not relate how we all went to the village church, or listened to the young pastor whilst his thoughts glowed into poesy as he anticipated and kept in the sanctuary the hallowed Christmas Eve. All this we leave to be imagined by that "quick idea with which some minds are pregnant;" as well as also the understanding of that mystic secret of St. Nicholas, by which he creeps down the narrow modern chimney laden with gifts for the young who "hang up their stockings;" and sometimes too, for the older folks who have shown themselves staunch respecters of his jolly and benevolent person.

Our friend is truly happy in his domestic life, and his young "olive branches" contributed no little to his [illegible]

[illegible]

Such was the moral of the Christmas gift.—*Boston Transcript.*

A GENTLEMAN.

[illegible]

10. If he tarry till the service concludes, he is sure to get his hat, and put his hand upon the pew-door while the benediction is pronouncing, and the moment it is finished, manifests the most indecent haste, as though he were rushing out of a theatre or other public place.

11. Stops at the door, or in the portico, and casts a stupid stare in the face of each person passing, especially the ladies.

12. Begins to talk loud, as soon as he gets into the open air, especially evenings.

Lever's New Novel.

OUR MESS.

Jack Hinton, the Guardsman.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE "BONY FETE."

There is no epidemic more catching than excitement. The fussy manner and feverish bustle of the people about you, are sure, after a time, to communicate themselves to you—the very irritation they create being what the physicians call a predisposing cause. I became an illustration in point, as the hour of this ball drew nigh. At first I could not but wonder how, in the midst of such stupendous events as were then taking place—in the heart of a city garrisoned by an enemy—with every thing that could wound national pride and offend national honor—even French levity could raise itself to the enjoyment of fashionable frivolity; but, by degrees, the continual recurrence of the subject familiarised my mind to it, wore off my first and more natural impressions, and at last I began, like my neighbors, not only to listen with patience, [illegible]

[illegible]

"What does this mean?" said he in French.

"Ah!" said Phil, looking at it, "this is intended for that gentleman at the foot of the table. You see him yonder—he's laughing now. Come along, I'll pilot you towards him."

Suspecting that O'Grady's politeness had some deeper motive than mere civility, I leaned over his shoulder and asked the reason of it.

"Look here," said he, showing me the card as he spoke, on which was written the following words—"Make the band play 'God save the King;' the emperor wishes it."

"Come with us, Jack," whispered O'Grady; "we had better keep near the door."

I followed them through the dense crowd, who were still cheering with all their might, and at last reached the end of the table, where Paul himself was amusing a select party of Tartar chiefs, Prussian colonels, Irish captains, and Hungarian nobles.

"Look here," said Phil, showing me the card, which in his passage down the room he had contrived to alter, by rubbing out the first part, and interpolating a passage of his own; making the whole run thus:—"Sing the 'Cruiskeen Lawn;' the emperor wishes it."

I had scarcely time to thrust my handkerchief to my mouth, and prevent an outbreak of laughter, when I saw the Cossack officer present the card to Paul with a deep bow. Mr. Rooney read it—surveyed the bearer—read it again—rubbed his eyes—drew over a branch of wax candles to inspect it better; and then directing a look to the opposite extremity of the tables, exchanged glances with his spouse, as if interrogating her intentions once more. A quick, sharp nod from Mrs. Paul decided the question thus tacitly asked; and Paul, clearing off a tumbler of sherry, muttered to himself—"What the devil put the 'Cruiskeen Lawn' into his majesty's head I can't think; but I suppose there's no refusing."

A very spirited tapping with the handle of his knife was now heard to mix with the other convivial sounds, and soon indeed to overtop them, as Paul, anxious to fulfil a royal behest, cleared his throat, a couple of times, and called out, "I'll do the best I can, your majesty;" and at once struck up—

[illegible]

The Olio.

[illegible]

get another, as you able, and be sure to read it. Take the best care of your books; and in this way, when you are men, you will have good libraries in your heads, as well as on your shelves."

A BIG FISH—STORY.—A skate was caught off Littlehampton, England, not long since, which weighed nearly two hundred pounds. The Brighton Gazette says, "It is not a little singular that this fish had swallowed a cod of nine pounds weight, which had taken one of the hooks of a cod line, and was in that way made captive. The skate had, by its great strength, removed the line to a distance, so that it took twelve hours to find it."

LOAFER LOGIC.—There is one thing as I can't see through, blowed if I can. President of the United States and the man wot keeps the Custom House is the People's servants, isn't they? Well, they is sooo. Werry well; now 'spose I goes to Tyler, and says I, "old weta, I wants an order on the Treasury for liquor," he'd orter stan' it, he's the people's servant, and *I'm the people theirselves.*"

Juvenile Department

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

I am composed of twenty letters.
My 1, 8, 16, is a useful thing in housekeeping.
My 2, 16, 9, 7, 6, 12, is a fruit.
My 3, 16, 7, is a planet.
My 4, 8, 16, is a member of the body.
My 5, 7, 12, 5, 6, 2, is a plant.
My 6, 11, 2, 20, 13, is a fowl.
My 7, 8, 20, 4, is a member of the body.
My 8, 2, 20, is an animal.
My 9, 2, 7, 12, 11, 16, is a bird.
My 10, 20, 8, 8, 9, is a persons name.
My 11, 7, 4, is a number.
My 12, 2, 6 is an animal.
My 13, 16, 10, 6 is a lake in the United States.
My 14, 9, 10, 7, 13, is one of the United States.
My 15, 10, 16, is an element.
My 16, 13, 4, is an herb.
My 17, 18, 10, 7, 9, 13, is a fruit.
My 18, 16, 7, is an article of housekeeping.
My 19, 20, 8, 19, is a persons name.
My 20, 8, 7, 12, is used in building.
My whole is the name of a president in South America.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

First take a word that does silence proclaim,
That backwards and forwards does spell the same;
Then add to that a feminine name,
Which backwards and forwards does still spell the same,
And an instrument which [illegible]

[illegible]

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH are now acknowledged to be the very best medicine in the world for the cure of HEADACHE, Giddiness, Palpitation of the Heart, pains in the bones, Gout, Rheumatism, and every malady incident to man; because they purge from the body those bilious and corrupt humors which give rise to every ache or pain we suffer.

Said Indian Vegetable Pills are also a certain cure for intermittent, remittent, nervous, inflammatory and putrid

FEVERS,

Because they cleanse the body from those morbid humors, which, when confined to the circulation, are the cause of those disordered motions of the blood called Fevers.

So, also when the same impurity is deposited on the membrane and muscle, causing pains, inflammations and swellings called Rheumatism, Gout, etc. WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS may be relied on as always certain to give relief. From three to six of said Indian Vegetable Pills, taken every night on going to bed, will in a short time so completely rid the body from every thing that is opposed to health, that

RHEUMATISM,

Gout, and pain of every description, will be literally driven from the body.

For the same reason, when, from sudden changes of atmosphere, or any other cause, the perspiration is checked, and the humors which should pass off by the skin are thrown inwardly, causing headache, giddiness, nausea and sickness, pain in the bones, watery and inflamed eyes,

SORE THROAT,

coughs, consumptions, rheumatic pains in various parts of the body, and many other symptoms of catching cold, WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS will invariably give immediate relief. From three to six of said pills, taken every night on going to bed, will, in a short time, not only remove all the above unpleasant symptoms, but the body will, in a short time, be restored to even sounder health than before.

In all cases of ASTHMA,

Or difficulty of breathing, Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills will be found a delightful medicine, because they carry off, by the stomach and bowels, those phlegmy humors which not only stop up the air cells of the lungs, and give rise to the above dreadful complaint, but when neglected, often terminates in that fatal malady, called

CONSUMPTION.

It should also be remembered, that Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for [illegible]

[illegible]